



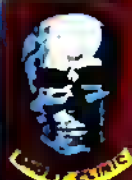
WEB COMIC
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WEIRD

WEIRD

STORY SO UNBELIEVABLE!

JAN,
1953
No. 11



JOURNEY

into

FEAR



10¢

WISER in
the COFFIN



BLOOD on
HER LIPS



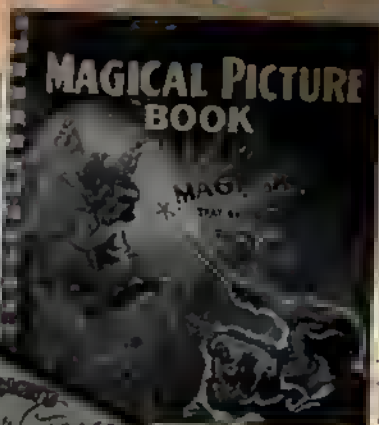
TERROR
in the NIGHT



BEAST of
BEDLAM



The BEST LOVED STORIES of all Time



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ANYTHING
LIKE IT**

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Thrill
of a
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**SEND NO
MONEY!**

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Beast of Bedlam

A STORY OF GASPING HORROR AS A MAN OF TODAY FIGHTS FOR HIS VERY SOUL AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL FROM OUT OF THE PAST! STRANGER THAN FICTION, MORE TERRIBLE THAN DEATH, IS THIS EERIE TALE OF A YOUNG DOCTOR WHO OVERNIGHT WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A RAVING BEAST OF BEDLAM!...



LONDON IN 1750! A CRUEL AGE, AND A TIME OF NO HOPE FOR THE MENTALLY ILL...

WE'LL BE AT BEDLAM SOON!

SEE! TAKING HER TO BEDLAM THEY ARE!

HA-HA-HA-
HEE-EEE-

SERVES HER RIGHT, TOO! HER BRAINS ARE ADOLED!

YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL PAY! DON'T YOU KNOW I'M THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN DO YOU HEAR? I'LL HAVE YOU ALL HANGED!

HO-HO—
LISTEN TO HER! THINKS SHE'S THE QUEEN!

SHE MEANS QUEEN OF BEDLAM!



TIME PASSED AND GRADUALLY NELL BLYTHE RECOVERED HER SENSES! ONE DAY AS SHE WAS SERVING THE BEAST...

HURRY, LITTLE FOOL! I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND!

YES, SIR HECTOR! YOUR ALE!



OH, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN...

CLUMSY WENCH! FOOL! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER!



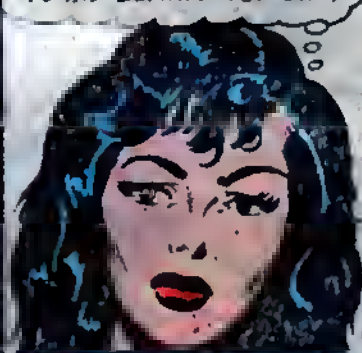
AND WHEN THE FEARFUL PUNISHMENT IS OVER...

SPILL ALE ON ME, WILL YOU! NOW GET ABOUT YOUR CHORES OR YOU'LL GET STILL MORE OF THE LASH!

SOB—Y-YES, SIR! OHH—MY BACK!



I'LL GET HIM! THE BEAST! I'M ALL RIGHT AGAIN, BUT HE DOESN'T SUSPECT! BUT I'VE GOT WITS ENOUGH TO SEE TO HIS DEATH! TONIGHT!



AND THAT NIGHT, WITH ITS CRUEL MASTER, BEDLAM GOES CRASHING DOWN IN SULLEN EMBERS...

THAT NIGHT NELL STEALS A KEY AND GETS HER REVENGE...

GET THE BEAST! HE'S DRUNK, HELPLESS, SO HE'LL BE EASY TO KILL! HURRY!

WE'LL HAVE THE SWINE'S LIFE AFTER HIM!

HQ-HO—WE'LL SHOW HIM! WE'LL TEAR HIM TO SMALL BITS!

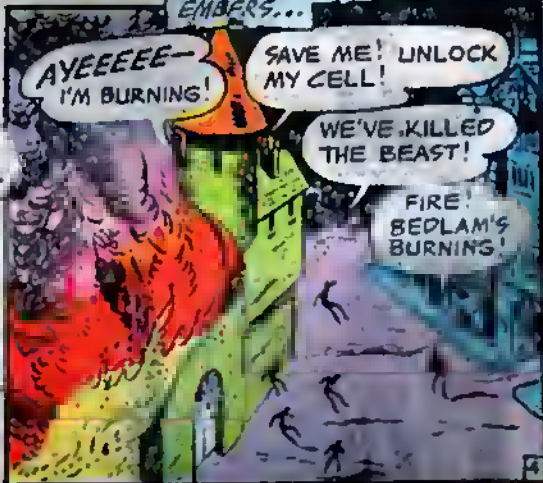


AYEEEEEE—I'M BURNING!

SAVE ME! UNLOCK MY CELL!

WE'VE KILLED THE BEAST!

FIRE! BEDLAM'S BURNING!



200 CENTURIES HAVE PASSED AND BEDLAM IS FORGOTTEN! SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION HAVE WROUGHT MIRACLES IN THE TREATMENT OF INSANITY! BUT OVER BROADMOOR THERE IS A BROODING SHADOW...

THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY, MISS MUNSON!

YES, DOCTOR KENDALL!

DOCTOR BRUCE KENDALL, BRILLIANT YOUNG PSYCHIATRIST, IS BEGINNING TO FEAR FOR HIS OWN SANITY...

I HATE TO SEE THE DARKNESS COME! THAT-THAT THING WILL COME AGAIN, I KNOW IT! IF ONLY I HAD THE NERVE TO PLACE MYSELF UNDER TREATMENT!

SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT THEY JUST BROUGHT IN AN EMERGENCY CASE! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE HER! THE POOR THING THINKS SHE'S A QUEEN!

ALL RIGHT, MISS MUNSON! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

HI, DOC! THIS IS MISS NELLIE BLYTHE!

YOU ARE ALL MY SUBJECTS! I AM A QUEEN, YOU KNOW!

OF COURSE, MISS BLYTHE! NOW JUST COME ALONG WITH ME!

I LIKE THIS PLACE! JUST LIKE MY OWN PALACE!

YES, OF COURSE!

HOW ODD! I SEEM TO HAVE MET HER SOMEWHERE, TO HAVE HEARD THOSE WORDS BEFORE! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

I'LL HANDLE THINGS NOW, DOCTOR!

I'LL BE AROUND IN THE MORNING!

I REALLY MUST DO SOMETHING! I WOULD SWEAR THAT I'VE MET THAT GIRL BEFORE—A LONG, LONG TIME AGO! PERHAPS IN ANOTHER LIFE!

THE HOURS PASS AND STILL DOCTOR KENDALL DOES NOT SLEEP! FOR THE PAST FEW NIGHTS A HORRIBLE AND INCREDIBLE THING HAS OCCURRED...

IF IT COMES AGAIN TONIGHT I'LL KNOW IT'S REAL—OR THAT I'M INSANE! FOR THE LAST THREE NIGHTS IT'S COME EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT!

TIME! IF ONLY IT DOESN'T COME AGAIN!



SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH OF THUNDER AND...

T-THUNDER! AND IT'S COMING AGAIN! THERE BY THE WINDOW!

WHOO-HMM

AND OUT OF THE DARK CURTAIN OF THE CENTURIES STEPS THE BEAST OF BEDLAM...

HO-HO-HO—THOUGHT I WOULDN'T COME, DOCTOR KENDALL! YOU'RE A FOOL, SIR! TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS I COULDN'T STAY AWAY!

N-NO! THIS CAN'T BE REAL!

NOT REAL! YOU'LL SOON SEE! I'LL BORROW YOUR BODY AGAIN TONIGHT, SIR! AS I HAVE THE PAST NIGHTS! THEN I'LL HAVE MY FUN!

NO! YOU CAN'T! I WON'T...

UNGGHHH—

SO? YOU MODERN FOOLS STILL WON'T BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION, HEY! THEN I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL KILL YOU, AND YOUR BODY WILL BE MINE FOREVER! YOU, DIE...



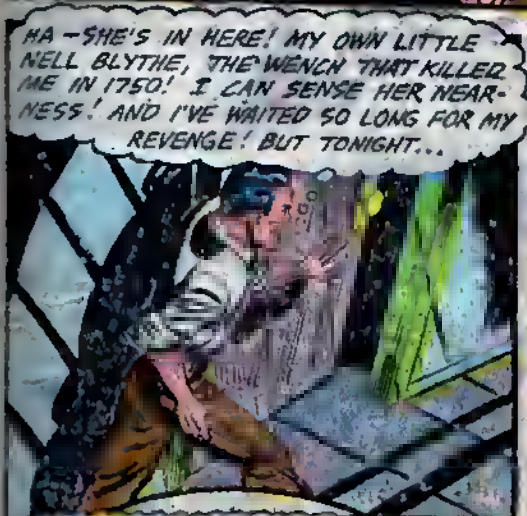


A FEW MOMENTS
LATER...

THERE! IT'S DONE! I'M
RID OF MY USELESS BODY
AND I'VE GOT HIS! HO-HO-
WHO WILL EVER SUSPECT
THAT SIR HECTOR BLODGETT
STILL WALKS THE EARTH!



FOR CENTURIES I'VE WAITED
UNTIL JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT
TO COME BACK! AND NOW HERE
I AM—WITH A MADHOUSE
FOR MY PLEASURE!



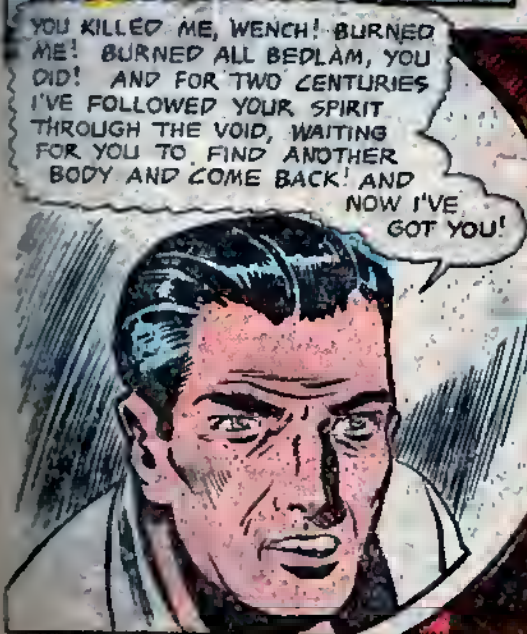
HA—SHE'S IN HERE! MY OWN LITTLE
NELL BLYTHE, THE WENCH THAT KILLED
ME IN 1750! I CAN SENSE HER NEAR-
NESS! AND I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR MY
REVENGE! BUT TONIGHT...



THE BEAST, IN GUISE OF DOCTOR KENDALL
SLAMS OPEN A DOOR...

OH-HH—GET
OUT! DON'T YOU
KNOW I'M A
QUEEN! I'LL
HAVE YOU
PUNISHED!

HO-HO—MY SAME
ADDLED LITTLE
WENCH! TWO CENTURIES
HAVEN'T CHANGED YOU!
SAME FACE, SAME
NAME, AND STILL
THINKS SHE'S A
QUEEN!



YOU KILLED ME, WENCH! BURNED
ME! BURNED ALL BEDLAM, YOU
DID! AND FOR TWO CENTURIES
I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR SPIRIT
THROUGH THE VOID, WAITING
FOR YOU TO FIND ANOTHER
BODY AND COME BACK! AND
NOW I'VE
GOT YOU!



WHAT A JOKE! YOU WERE
MAD THEN, AND YOU'RE
MAD NOW! AND I'M STILL
THE MASTER! HA-HA-HA—
NOW IF THESE CURSED
MODERNS ONLY HAVE
A SNAKE PIT!

EEEEEEEEEE—

BUT THE BEAST HAS FORGOTTEN ONE THING—
HE IS NOW LIVING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY...

AND ONCE AGAIN THE
BEAST IS CORNERED...

'SCREAM MY PRETTY!
SEE WHO CARES!

IT'S DOCTOR
KENDALL!

GET AWAY, YOU FOOLS!
ARE YOU FORGETTING
THAT I'M THE MASTER
OF BEDLAM? KEEP
BACK!

HE'S BEEN
WORKING TOO
HARD!

NOW, DOC!
TAKE IT
EASY!

HE HAS
GONE MAD!

AEEEEEE—

LET ME GO! FOOLS!
I'LL THROW YOU ALL
IN THE SNAKE PIT!

GET THE STRAIT-
JACKET ON HIM!

LATER AS
THE BEAST TRIES
TO MAKE THEM
UNDERSTAND...

NOW, DOCTOR KENDALL,
YOU MUST REST!

SNAKE PIT!
HURRY, BOYS!

POOR
GUY!

FOOLS! I'M SIR
HECTOR BLODGETT,
NOT BRUCE KENDALL!
I CAME BACK, TOOK
HIS BODY! MY SOUL
WON'T REST
UNTIL I'VE
HAD REVENGE
ON THAT
NELL
WENCH!

SHEER GIBBERISH!
LOOKS LIKE A
HOPELESS
CASE!

BUT THAT NIGHT IN THE LIBRARY...

HMMM—VERY ODD CASE! THERE
WAS A SIR HECTOR BLODGETT
AND HE WAS HEAD OF BEDLAM
IN 1750! BURNED TO DEATH
IN A FIRE STARTED
BY A GIRL NAMED
NELL WENCH!
STRANGE, VERY
STRANGE...

BUT NOT AS STRANGE AS THE SIGHT
NEXT MORNING...

BUT W-WHAT THEY
HAPPENED JUST
TO DOCTOR FOUND
KENDALL? THE
WHO IS THE DOCTOR'S
THIS? BODY!
STRANGLER!

WE MUST KEEP
SILENT ABOUT
THIS! NOT A WORD
TO THE PAPERS!
SOMETHING STRANGE
AND HORRIBLE
HAS HAPPENED,
BUT IT'S OVER
NOW!

EVER? PERHAPS!
BUT THOSE WHO
BELIEVE IN REINCAR-
NATION SAY THE SOUL
NEVER DIES! MAYBE
THE BEAST OF BEDLAM
STILL ROAMS THE WORLD
SEEKING NEW VICTIMS...

The End

MISER IN THE COFFIN

DEATH, COLD AND INEXORABLE, REACHES FOR EVERY MAN; AND THERE ARE NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD.. OR ARE THERE? THADDEUS CREWE, MILLIONAIRE, DECIDED TO TAKE HIS WEALTH WITH HIM TO THE GRAVE! AN EERIE STORY, THIS TALE OF THE MISER IN THE COFFIN!



DEATH REACHES A BONY HAND FOR THADDEUS CREWE...

AS THE VULTURES GATHER...

I'M DYING! ALL MY MONEY—GOING TO A LOT OF WORTHLESS RELATIVES!

HE CAN'T LIVE LONG NOW.

POOR THADDEUS! I WONDER WHAT HE'S REALLY WORTH?

WHY DOESN'T HE HURRY AND DIE?



BUT THERE IS LIFE IN THE OLD MISER YET...

MY LAWYER,
FOOL! HURRY!
GET MY LAWYER!

YES, MR. CREWE,
AT ONCE!



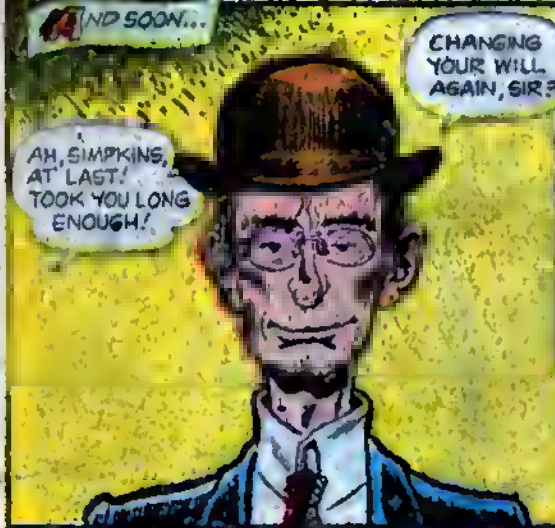
HA-HA! I'LL DO
THEM YET! THEY'LL
NOT GET MY MONEY!
NOT A CENT OF IT!



AND SOON...

AH, SIMPKINS,
AT LAST!
TOOK YOU LONG
ENOUGH!

CHANGING
YOUR WILL
AGAIN, SIR?



NOT MY WILL,
SIMPKINS! I'VE
DECIDED TO TAKE
MY MONEY WITH ME--
TO THE GRAVE!

WHAT!



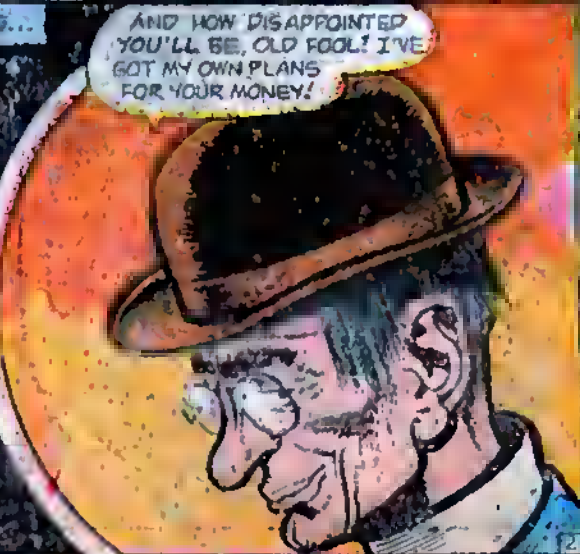
AFTER LAWYER SIMPKINS GETS HIS INSTRUCTIONS...

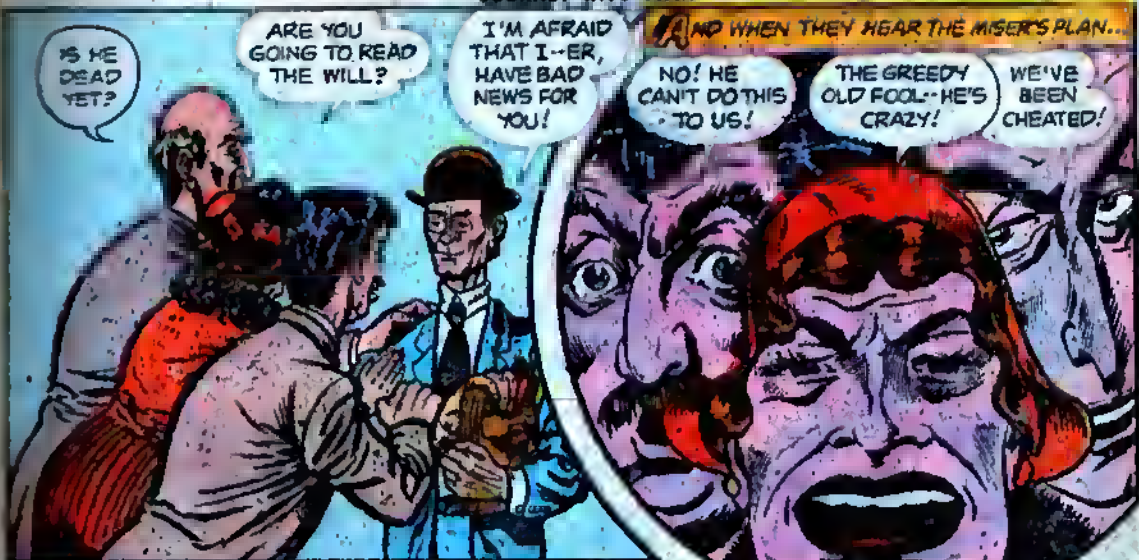
TELL THOSE JACKALS TO GO HOME!
HAHA! THIS IS ALMOST WORTH
DYING FOR!

YES, I'LL TELL THEM
AT ONCE! HOW DIS-
APPOINTED THEY
WILL BE!



AND HOW DISAPPOINTED
YOU'LL BE, OLD FOOL! I'VE
GOT MY OWN PLANS
FOR YOUR MONEY!





IS HE DEAD YET?

ARE YOU GOING TO READ THE WILL?

I'M AFRAID THAT I--ER, HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU!

AND WHEN THEY HEAR THE MISER'S PLAN...

NO! HE CAN'T DO THIS TO US!

THE GREEDY OLD FOOL-- HE'S CRAZY!

WE'VE BEEN CHEATED!



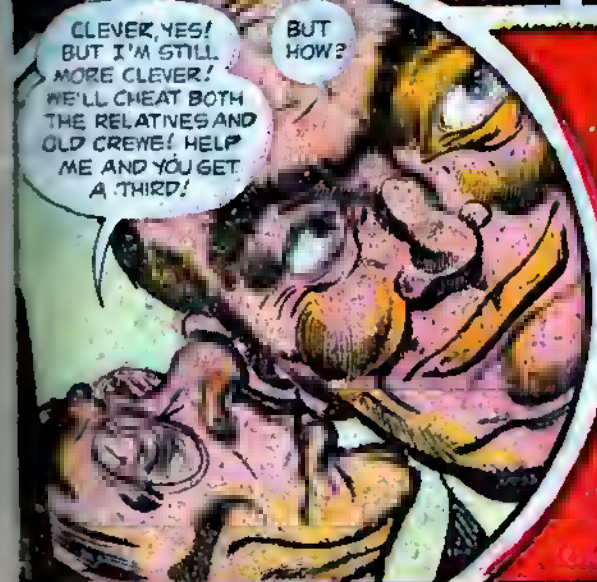
AND MEANTIME, DEATH COMES FOR THE MISER...

UGH-- DYING! BUT MY MONEY'S SAFE! I CAN TRUST SIMPKINS! AH--HHH...

THE NEXT DAY LAWYER SIMPKINS CARRIES OUT HIS STRANGE ORDERS...

HA-- CLEVER! HE IS TAKING IT WITH HIM!

MR. CREWE'S LAST WISH WAS THAT HIS COFFIN BE OF SOLID GOLD, DECORATED WITH PRECIOUS STONES! THE REST OF HIS FORTUNE TO BE PLACED WITHIN!

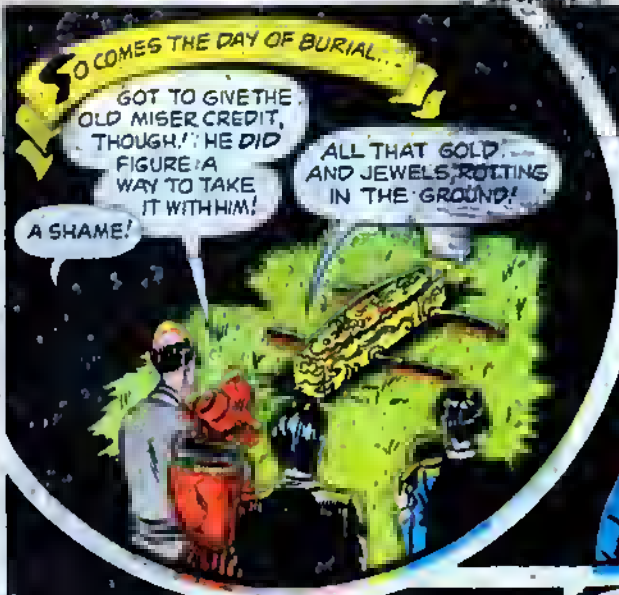


CLEVER, YES! BUT I'M STILL MORE CLEVER! WE'LL CHEAT BOTH THE RELATIVES AND OLD CREWE! HELP ME AND YOU GET A THIRD!

BUT HOW?

WE'LL USE A LEAD COFFIN, WITH GOLD PLATE, AND ARTIFICIAL STONES! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW! AND-- HAH-HAH!-- OLD CREWE WON'T CARE!





SO COMES THE DAY OF BURIAL...

GOT TO GIVETHE OLD MISER CREDIT, THOUGH! HE DID FIGURE A WAY TO TAKE IT WITH HIM!

A SHAME!

ALL THAT GOLD AND JEWELS, ROTTING IN THE GROUND!



GOODBYE, THADDEUS! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! IT'LL BE FUN SPENDING YOUR MONEY!

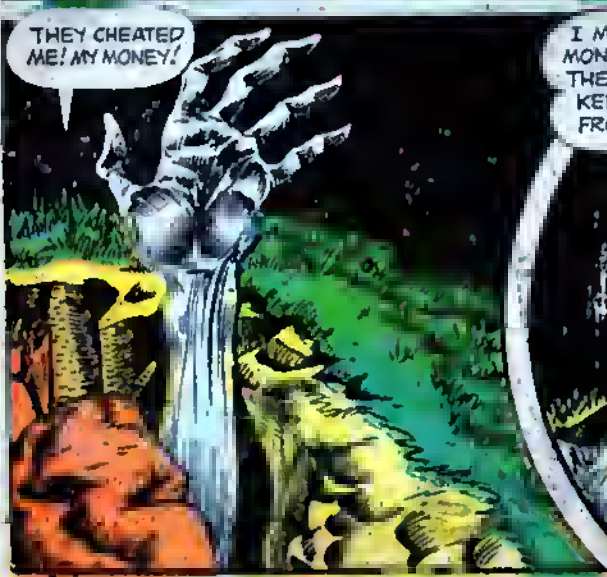


THAT NIGHT A STORM BREAKS...



AND THERE IS A DREADFUL STIRRING IN THE EARTH...

MY MONEY! I WANT MY MONEY!



THEY CHEATED ME! MY MONEY!



I MUST GET MY MONEY! NOT EVEN THE GRAVE CAN KEEP ME FROM IT!

I'LL GO TO SIMPKINS' HOUSE AND GET MY MONEY!

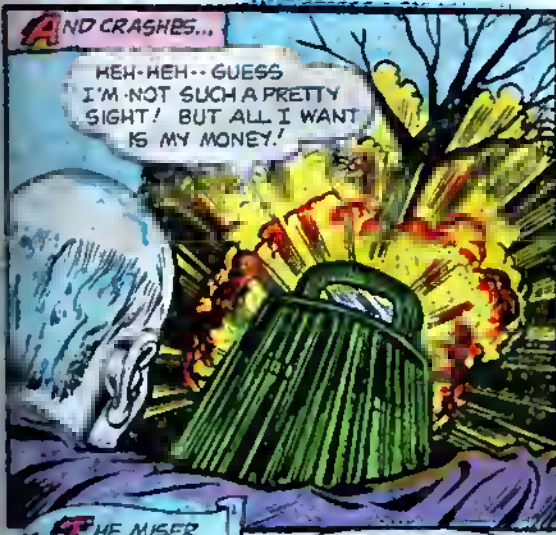
A PASSING MOTORIST SEES THE GHASTLY THING...

EEEEEE!!



AND CRASHES...

HEH-HEH... GUESS I'M NOT SUCH A PRETTY SIGHT! BUT ALL I WANT IS MY MONEY!



SOON...

LOOKS LIKE LAWYER SIMPKINS IS STILL UP! HEH-HEH! PROBABLY COUNTING MY GOLD!



THE MISER IS RIGHT...

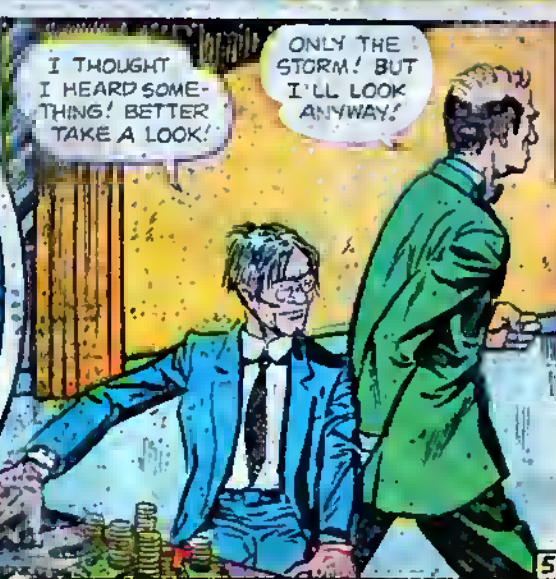
THERE'S YOUR SHARE! ONE-THIRD!

I SHOULD HAVE MORE! I DID ALL THE WORK!



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING! BETTER TAKE A LOOK!

ONLY THE STORM! BUT I'LL LOOK ANYWAY!





NOTHING
THERE! JUST
YOUR NERVES!

MY NERVES ARE
ALL RIGHT! EEE--



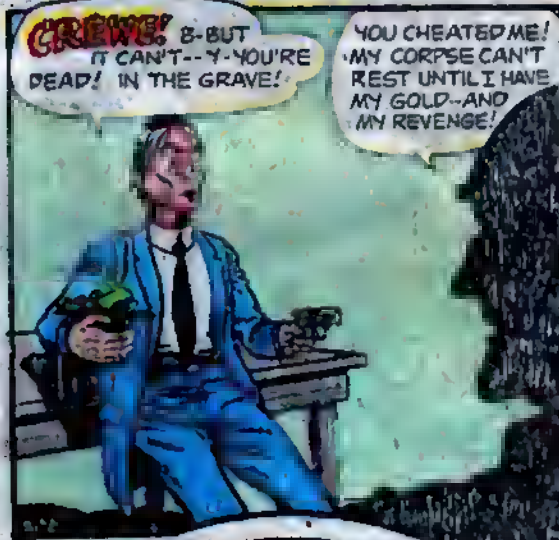
NO! DON'T--
GAAA!!

DID
YOU REALLY THINK
I WOULD SHARE
WITH YOU?



THEF!
MURDERER!
I WANT MY
MONEY!

HUH? WHAT?
W-WHO'S THAT?



CREW! 8-BUT
IT CAN'T--Y-YOU'RE
DEAD! IN THE GRAVE!

YOU CHEATED ME!
MY CORPSE CAN'T
REST UNTIL I HAVE
MY GOLD--AND
MY REVENGE!



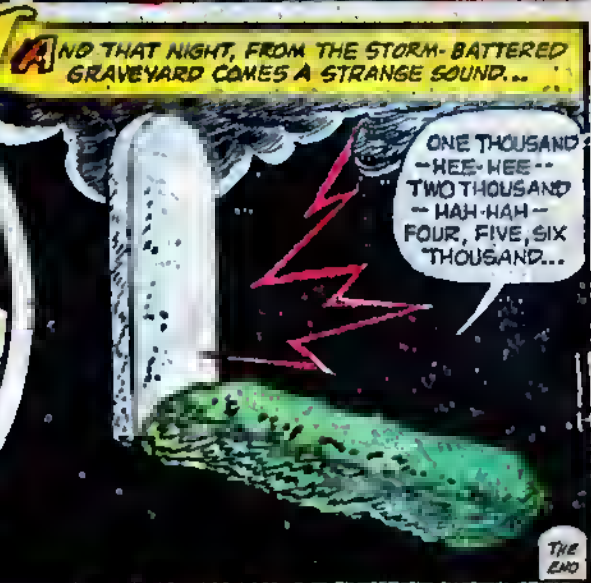
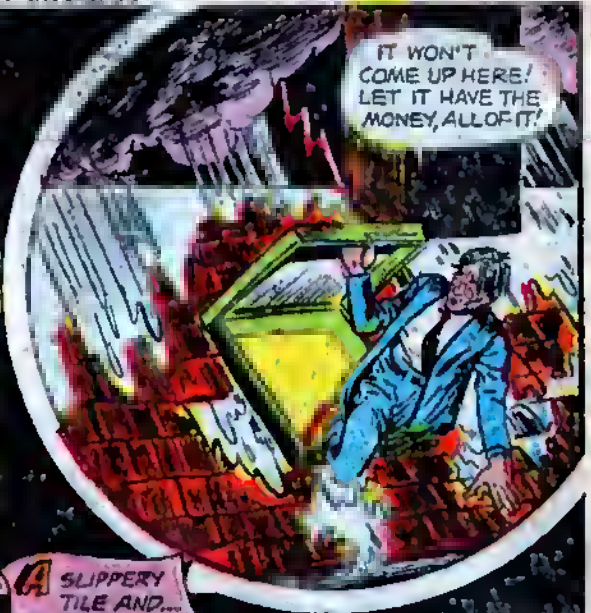
NO! KEEP
AWAY!

FOOL! BULLETS
CAN'T HURT ME!



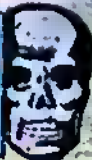
HEH-HEH! I'LL
PUT YOU IN YOUR
GRAVE NOW! IT'S
COLD THERE!
SO COLD...

AHHHH--
NO!



GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



THE MISSING MAN

Some of the best kept secrets of World War No. 2 are first beginning to leak out. For reasons of security, they could not be revealed at an earlier date. One of the more startling yarns is told below. The truth of it is not admitted in official circles, but neither is its authenticity denied. Why? Well, read on and form your own conclusions.

"HMM," MUSED Professor Myron Slater, looking around in perplexity. "I wonder where Bristol could have gone?"

It pleased Slater that he had been instrumental in the development of the atom bomb, which, dropped several days before, had hastened the end of the war. Yet, as he stood on the platform, his travelling valise at his feet, awaiting the arrival of the train which was to carry him home, he was deeply puzzled.

This wasn't much of a station; surely no Grand Central or Pennsylvania depot, where a person could easily be lost. It was merely a wooden ledge projecting slightly outward to the tracks. Rattlesnake Junction was the name it bore; from any point of it the entire thing could be seen. And the only living soul on the platform was Myron Slater.

Rattlesnake Junction was the stopping off place nearest the laboratory where Slater and Professor Amory Bristol, the missing man, had worked on a matter of vital concern for several years. The two had departed from the lab together; now there was only one. Amory Bristol had disappeared; vanished like a puff of smoke in the air.

Just a short while ago the pair had vacated the government lab where they had spent 25 months on the project of world-shaking importance. During those long months they had been constantly together, discussing the intricacies of nuclear physics and such delicate matters as splitting the atom, as well as exchanging confidences and helping each other in an effort to bring closer what scientists the world over were striving to achieve. What they sought was a way of gaining lasting peace, and it was felt that only by developing the most dreadful weapon ever known could this be accomplished.

BRISTOL HAD seemed a rather strange person when Slater first met him. And in the early months of their association, this strangeness threatened more than once to strain the relation that existed between them. There was something eerie — absolutely weird — about Bristol; Slater seemed to feel. Exactly what it was, defied logical explanation. But several times Slater had taken on a sudden feeling of fright, as if a thin stream of cold water was trickling down his spine, in his co-worker's presence.

Eventually, Slater got over this feeling; he attributed it all to nerves. But the thought kept persisting that Bristol was the strangest person he had ever known. There was something about him.

That the two were pledged to the utmost secrecy in their operations, goes without saying. The world knows that now; it didn't at the time Slater and Bristol arrived in that isolated region of New Mexico where they and other scientists engaged in the same venture discharged their duties in the greatest privacy.

Slater was first to reach the scene of the gigantic undertaking. Carefully screened and briefed, he was assigned to a cottage that seemed more a prison than a home. Situated on a large tract of land, it stood all alone, completely surrounded by a high wire fence. None but the occupants could enter; food, clothing, changes of laundry, all were delivered through an opening in the fence. Discarded material was passed out in the same way. Strict instructions to Slater were that he could have no direct contact with anybody except the man he would work with, in this case Professor Amory Bristol.

Oh, yes; there was a phone inside the cottage with which either of the scientists could get in touch with the central office when they desired something.

That was the set-up that confronted Slater upon his arrival. His experiences with Professor Bristol, when the latter checked in shortly after, have been touched upon.

And now, it was all over. The two had accomplished what was required of them. They had co-operated fully, making an im-

...reable contribution in the develop-
ment of the atom bomb.

Their duties completed, Slater and Bristol were dismissed with heartfelt thanks. They were permitted to return home and resume their normal way of living.

Living? . . . Well,

AT THE TIME Myron Slater embarked on the atom bomb project, one of the restrictions imposed was that he could not receive the daily newspapers. He was told, too, that there was no radio available and that none would be provided.

It is to be assumed that the same thing applied in the case of Professor Bristol; that is, that he was also cautioned about this matter when he arrived.

Thus, contact was lost with the outside world. Neither was in a position to learn what was going on.

Their "confinement" ended, both were free to do as they pleased; read whatever they desired.

Myron Slater was anxious to learn what had happened in the past 25 months. Mentally, he resolved to arm himself with a back-log of newspapers and catch up on the news. That was one of his immediate objectives, something to be realized at the earliest opportunity.

But this was not possible at Rattlesnake Junction. There were no newsstands on the station or in the vicinity. No matter, Slater decided he could wait a little longer, until he got home, to enjoy the luxury that had been denied him. He would feast on newsprint in comfort, he thought.

The absence of Professor Bristol from the railroad station disturbed Slater at first. In the alarm, he had felt evaporated. He remembered the story of the absent-minded professor who was always forgetting something. A faint smile appeared on Slater's face. This was just it, he decided. Bristol probably forgot something in his eagerness to get away from the lab and had slipped off to retrieve it. That his companion had

gone without saying a word to him, Slater attributed to Bristol's eccentric habits.

The blast of the train whistle as that conveyance approached the station blew all further conjecture as to Bristol's whereabouts completely from Slater's mind. He picked up his suitcase as the locomotive wheezed to a stop, boarded the train and was soon off, headed for his destination.

MYRON SLATER'S first stop when he reached his home town was a store which dealt in back issues of newspapers. He ordered a stack of dailies — a sizeable order remarked the proprietor. Since the entire lot was too large for him to handle, Slater requested that all except those for the first two weeks of his absence be sent to him. The others he took along, thrusting them under his arm.

Leaving the store, he hailed a cab and sat back for a quick glance at the headlines. He would read the papers more carefully when he got home, he told himself.

December 3rd he remembered well. It was the date of his departure for New Mexico. December 4th was the first of the newspapers he had missed. He picked out the one bearing that date, spread it open and began to read. There before him, above a one-column cut of the man, sbrleking out in a manner his brain could hardly conceive, was a headline:

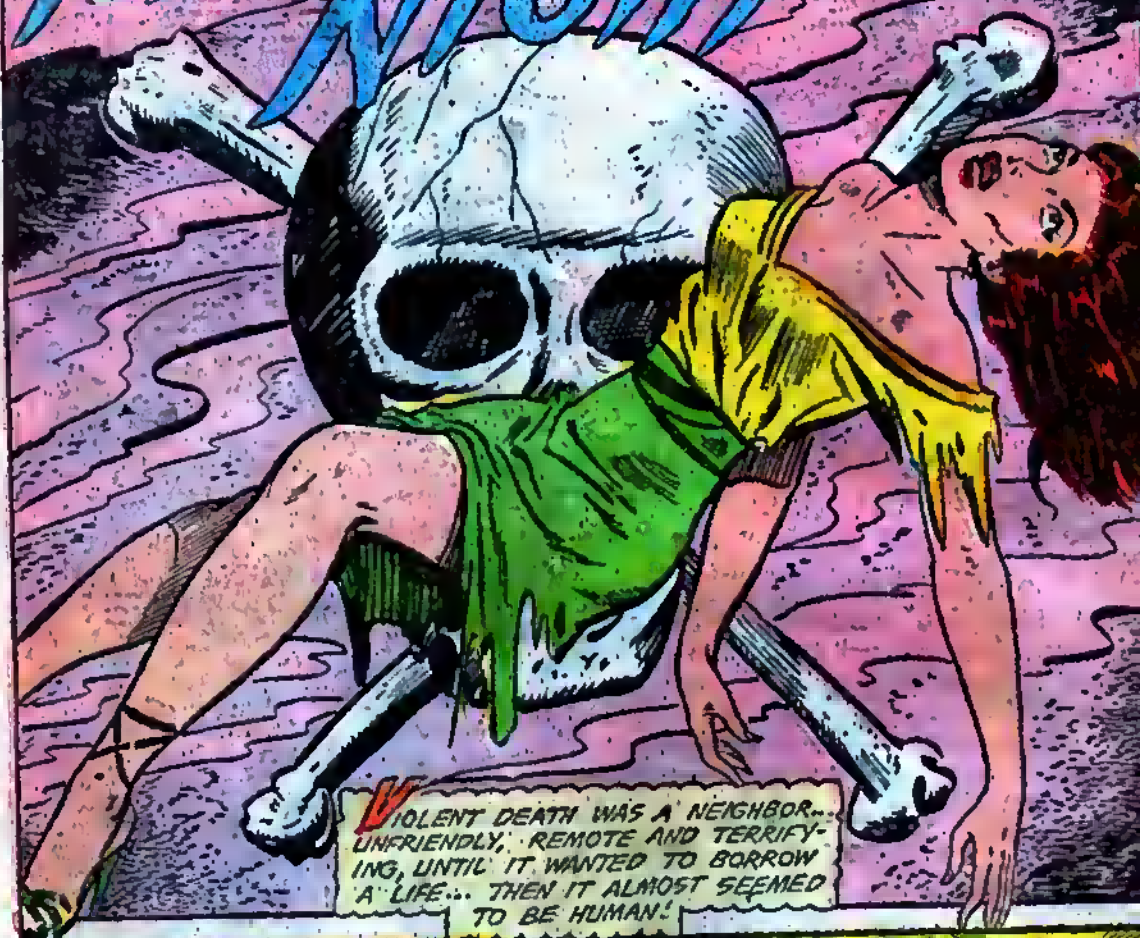
PROF. AMORY BRISTOL DEAD

The sub-head just below this startling screamer read:

**NOTED SCIENTIST KILLED
IN PLANE CRASH ON HIS
WAY TO GOVERNMENT LAB**

Slater's face turned ashen; he glanced at the top of the newspaper he held. Yes, it was dated two years before. His eyes swept back to the sensational announcement. He could not believe what he saw. His head began to swim. Then the full significance of it all struck him; realization and understanding returned. *He had worked two years with a dead man!*

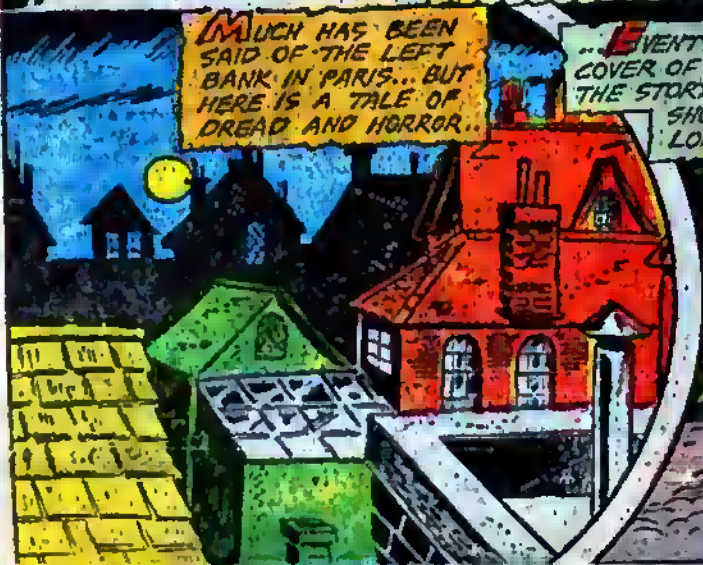
Terror in the NIGHT



VIOLENT DEATH WAS A NEIGHBOR... UNFRIENDLY, REMOTE AND TERRIFYING, UNTIL IT WANTED TO BORROW A LIFE... THEN IT ALMOST SEEMED TO BE HUMAN!

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID OF THE LEFT BANK IN PARIS... BUT HERE IS A TALE OF DREAD AND HORROR...

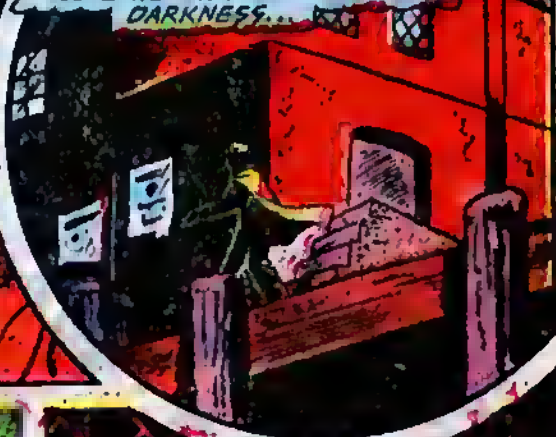
EVENTS LIKE THIS SEEK THE COVER OF NIGHT, BUT TO TELL THE STORY PROPERLY, ONE SHOULD START ON A CERTAIN LONELY C... WHERE A SCREAM PIERCED THE SHADOWS, AND...



YVONNE, I CANNOT STAND
MY NEIGHBORHOOD!
DREAMS IN THE NIGHT,
PEOPLE WHO ARE BUT
SHADOWS...

THOSE ARE MATTERS
FOR THE POLICE,
SISTER! BESIDES WE
CAN AFFORD NO
BETTER THAN
THIS!

LAH! IF THE GENTLE SISTERS
ONLY KNEW HOW CLOSE THEY WERE
TO A DRAMA THAT WOULD MAKE
STRONG MEN PALE... THE LIGHTS
SNAP OFF IN A SMALL STUDIO... A
FIGURE HURRIES OUT INTO THE
DARKNESS...



I'LL NEVER FINISH MY
WORK AT THIS RATE!
EVERYTHING IS AGAINST
ME! EVERYTHING!



WHAT CURSED LUCK HOLDS
ME BACK ALL THE TIME! BUT
TODAY I MUST ACCOMPLISH
SOMETHING!



TATTOO OF HIGH HEELS
SOUNDS ALONG THE COBBLE-
STONES...

HA! HER WEIGHT
APPEARS PERFECT,
ACCORDING TO THE
SOUND OF HER!



CECILE LA
MONDEK WAS
INDULGING
IN ALMOST
IDENTICAL
THOUGHTS...

BAH! HUNGER
DOES MUCH FOR
MY FIGURE,
BUT MY
STOMACH
COMPLAINS
MORE BY
THE HOUR!





WHAT WAS THAT?
THESE DARK STREETS...
A GIRL'S NOT SAFE...

OH! WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT DO
YOU WANT? GO
AWAY... I'LL
CALL THE
GENDARMES!

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED,
MADEMOISELLE! I AM
LONELY... I SEEK ONLY
YOUR FRIENDSHIP!

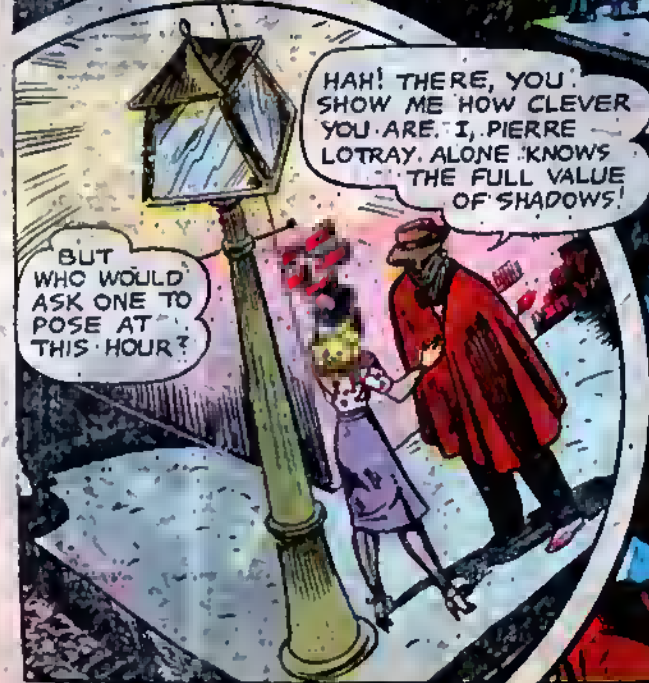


I DON'T MAKE
FRIENDS WITH
STRANGERS IN
THE DEAD OF
THE NIGHT!

WAIT! IT IS
MORE THAN
THAT! YOU
SEE, I AM AN
ARTIST, AND
YOUR BEAUTIFUL
FACE... IF ONLY
YOU'D POSE
FOR ME!

POSE?
FOR
MONEY?

OF COURSE, MY
DEAR! AND I
WILL PAY YOU
WELL!

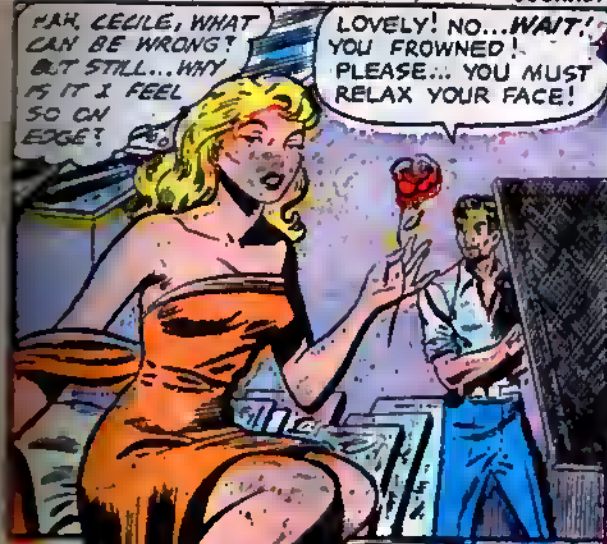


HAH! THERE, YOU
SHOW ME HOW CLEVER
YOU ARE. I, PIERRE
LOTRAY, ALONE KNOWS
THE FULL VALUE
OF SHADOWS!

BUT
WHO WOULD
ASK ONE TO
POSE AT
THIS HOUR?

I ALONE PAINT WITHOUT THE
SUN STABBING INTO MY CANVAS!
I WILL SHOW YOU THE WONDROUS
BEAUTY OF SHADOWS! COME, MY
STUDIO IS BUT STEPS AWAY...





HAH, CECILE, WHAT CAN BE WRONG? BUT STILL... WHY IS IT I FEEL SO ON EDGE?

LOVELY! NO... WAIT! YOU FROWNED! PLEASE... YOU MUST RELAX YOUR FACE!

IT IS SUCH A LOVELY FACE! YOU MUST NEVER FROWN!

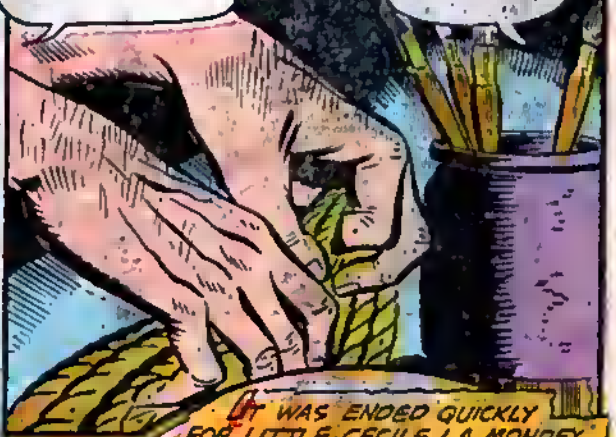
PLEASE, MONSIEUR! I WAS THINKING SUCH FOOLISH THOUGHTS! FOR A MOMENT I FELT SO STRANGE... SO FRIGHTENED! I KNOW IT'S SILLY!



FRIGHTENED! BUT OF WHAT? INDEED IT IS FOOLISH TO THINK OF ANYTHING SO UNHAPPY!

...ONLY THE BEAUTIFUL MUST YOU THINK OF! THAT'S WHAT I SEE IN YOUR EYES AND YOUR MOUTH AND...

AGAIN YOU CHANGE BRUSHES? MY, THERE IS SO MUCH TO PAINTING!



IT WAS ENDED QUICKLY FOR LITTLE CECILE LA MONDEX... BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO DIE... HER SCREAMS TORE THROUGH THE NIGHT IN PROTEST, BUT TOO SOON ALL WAS SILENT AGAIN...



RELAX, MY DEAR! I MUST RELAX YOUR POSE... SO...

OH, NO! PLEASE! DON'T... OHHH...



AND A GRIM
PATTERN WAS
REPEATED...

GOOD! ALL IS
GOING MUCH
BETTER! MY HEART
SINGS... MY HANDS
ITCH FOR MORE
WORK!

I'LL TRY THE
SAME CORNER!
PERHAPS I MAY
BE LUCKY HERE
AGAIN!

THIS TIME A LONE SAILOR
TRAMPED THE EMPTY STREET...

NO PLACE TO GO...
NOTHING TO DO... IF
ONLY I HAD MONEY...

WITH ALL THAT PARIS HAS
TO OFFER, WHAT IS MY
SHARE BUT LONELINESS!

WHA...! I DIDN'T
HEAR YOU APPROACH,
MONSIEUR! YOU
STARTLED ME...

PARDON! PERHAPS IT
WAS BECAUSE I WAS
LOST IN ADMIRATION
OF YOUR FINE
FEATURES, SON.

I AM AN ARTIST!
YOUR APPEARANCE
IS SO STRIKING... I
SAY, WOULD YOU
CONSIDER POSING FOR
ME? FOR A FEE, OF
COURSE...

A FEE? I DO
NOT KNOW WHAT
YOU SEE IN ME,
MONSIEUR, BUT
FOR A FEE I
AM YOUR
SERVANT!



"SPLENDID! DRINK SOME MORE! IT GIVES ME A NATURALNESS THAT IS PURE MAGIC!"

"AS YOU SAY, BUT THIS WINE IS VERY HEADY..."

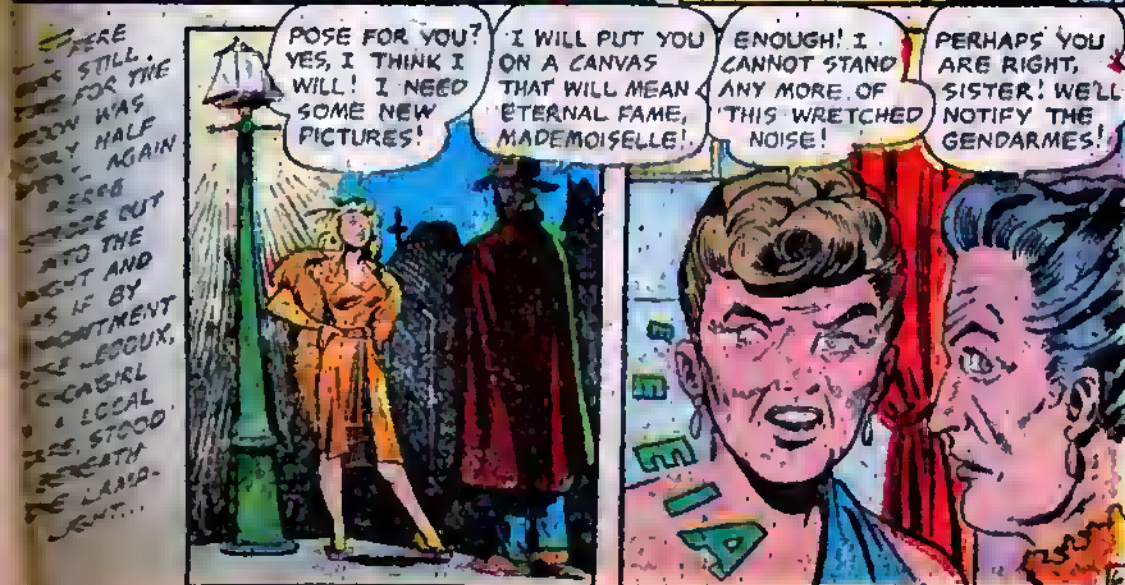


"THAT IS GOOD! I WANT TO CAPTURE YOU IN THE SPIRIT OF GAY ABANDON!"



"SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL A BIT GAY! THE WINE WARMS MY BLOOD, BUT A STRANGE CHILL OVERCOMES ME! NEVER HAVE I FELT THIS WAY..."

"...AND THE SOUND THAT IS NAKED TERROR ONCE AGAIN SPLIT THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT..."



"POSE FOR YOU? YES, I THINK I WILL! I NEED SOME NEW PICTURES!"

"I WILL PUT YOU ON A CANVAS THAT WILL MEAN ETERNAL FAME, MADEMOISELLE!"

"ENOUGH! I CANNOT STAND ANY MORE OF THIS WRETCHED NOISE!"

"PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, SISTER! WE'LL NOTIFY THE GENDARMES!"

"HERE STILL. FOR THE MOON WAS ONLY HALF UP - AGAIN HERE STRODE OUT INTO THE NIGHT AND AS IF BY MONTMONT THE LEGGUX, CACABUL A LOCAL THE STOOD BENEATH THE LAMP..."

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

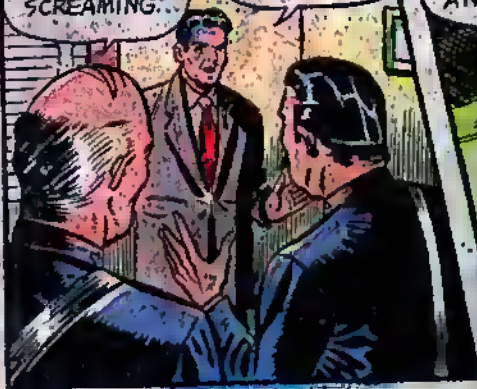
THE POLICE HAD OTHER REPORTS. AS WELL... ALL POINTED TO THE SAME SECTION OF THAT FATEFUL NEIGHBORHOOD... AND THE DEADLY HUNT WAS ON.

BUT FOR A WEEK NOW, INSPECTOR ALL HAS BEEN SILENT! NO MORE NIGHT SCREAMING...

BUT SO FAR THREE DISAPPEARANCES HAVE BEEN REPORTED!

THESE PEOPLE COULD BE TRACED AS FAR AS THAT SECTOR! THERE MUST BE A ANSWER TO THIS!

WE AGREE. BUT WHAT? WHAT?



WE HAVE GONE FROM DOOR TO DOOR! WE FIND ONLY RESPECTABLE PEOPLE!

WITHIN THEM LIVES OUR ANSWER! I FEEL IT... I KNOW IT!

THERE IS ONE WAY WE CAN LURE OUR MYSTERY MAN OUT INTO THE OPEN!

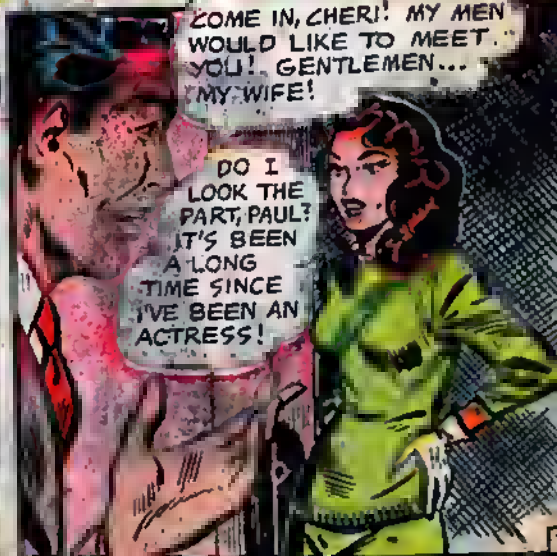
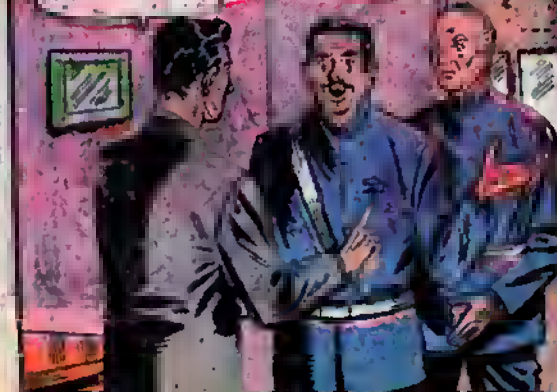


A PRETTY GIRL! IF THE MISSING PERSONS HAVE MET WITH FOUL PLAY, THEN WE HAVE BAIT TO CATCH A MURDERER!

BUT WHAT GIRL WOULD DO SUCH A DANGEROUS THING? ESPECIALLY A PRETTY GIRL...

COME IN, CHERI! MY MEN WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU! GENTLEMEN... MY WIFE!

DO I LOOK THE PART, PAUL? IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN AN ACTRESS!



LIFE MASTER PLAN WAS SET AND WHEN NIGHT OVERTOOK THE CITY, A GIRL STOOD BENEATH THE STREET LAMP...

IF PAUL ONLY KNEW I WAS FRIGHTENED... BUT HE IS SO BRAVE...



G-GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR! MY LAST MATCH WENT OUT—PERHAPS YOU COULD HELP

GOOD EVENING! I WILL BE SO BOLD AS TO PROPOSE A BARGAIN! I WILL LIGHT A THOUSAND OF YOUR CIGARETTES IF YOU WILL POSE FOR ME BUT ONCE!



WHERE DO YOU PAINT, MONSIEUR?

MY STUDIO IS A VERY SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE...

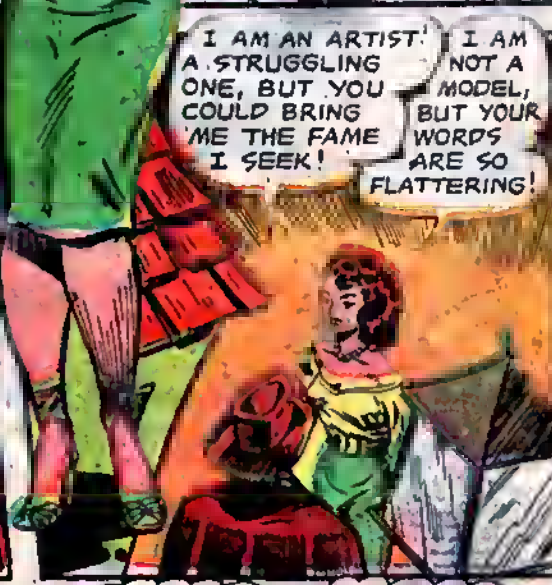


AND I AM PROTECTED. I REALLY SHOULDN'T TREMBLE SO...OHH! SOMEONE THERE... IN THE SHADOWS!



I AM AN ARTIST! A STRUGGLING ONE, BUT YOU COULD BRING ME THE FAME I SEEK!

I AM NOT A MODEL, BUT YOUR WORDS ARE SO FLATTERING!



MY HUSBAND AND HIS MEN FOLLOW. I HOPE I LEAD THEM ON THE RIGHT TRAIL!

SHE IS THE LAST! MY CANVAS WILL BE FINISHED TONIGHT!



HIS LOOKS DECEIVED ME, FOR HE IS NOTHING BUT A HARD WORKING PAINTER!

BAH! ALWAYS I RUN OUT OF PAINT WHEN I LOATHE STOPPING FOR EVEN A MINUTE!

BUT I AM IN LUCK, FOR I HAVE SEVERAL SPARE TUBES!



SILENCE! THIS WILL BE SWIFT!

NO! NO! HELP!

A MOVE AND WE SHOOT TO KILL!

THE GENDARMES! YOU FOOLS! YOU'VE SPOILED EVERYTHING!

PAUL!

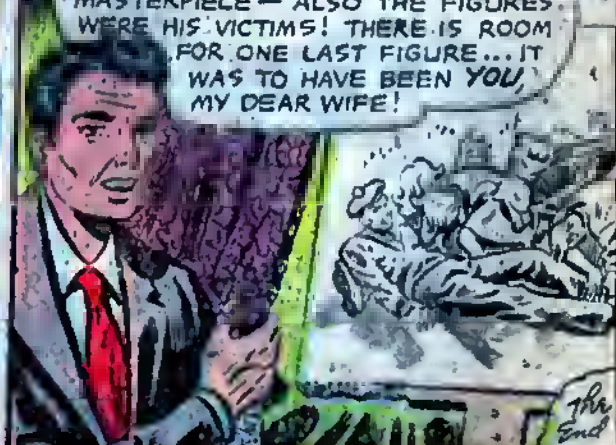


MY MASTERPIECE UNFINISHED! THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW MY GENIUS!

YOU ARE ALL RIGHT NOW, DARLING?

WHY, PAUL? WHY DID HE TRY TO KILL ME?

ONLY HIS MAD BRAIN COULD GIVE YOU THE TRUE ANSWER, BUT SEE HERE! PIERRE LOTRAY, PAINTED VIOLENT DEATH! THIS COMPOSITION WAS HIS MASTERPIECE — ALSO THE FIGURES WERE HIS VICTIMS! THERE IS ROOM FOR ONE LAST FIGURE... IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN YOU, MY DEAR WIFE!



Blood on her LIPS

Diary of Royal Northwest
Kiefer Police, January 5th, 1952
To whom it may concern:

I pray that someone finds
this! I am dying of cold,
and hunger, still I want
the world to know why I
died, and the terrible
things I have just witnessed.

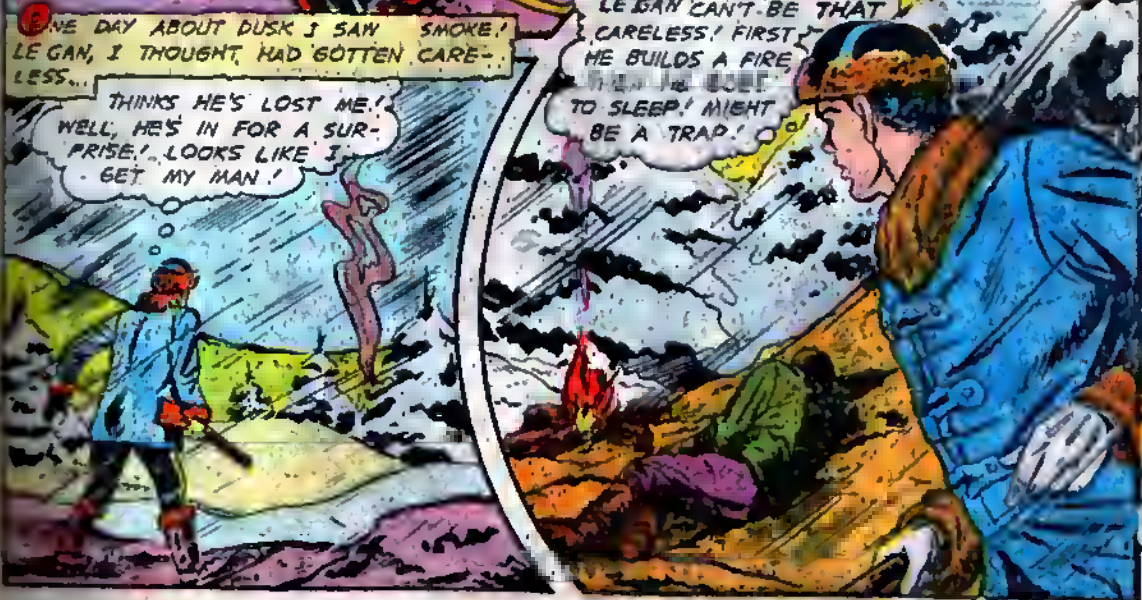
It all started
routinely enough, as I
was close to capturing
Pierre Le Gan, a trapper
wanted for murder I had
followed him for
until

ONE DAY ABOUT DUSK I SAW SMOKE!
LE GAN, I THOUGHT, HAD GOTTEN CARE-
LESS...

THINKS HE'S LOST ME!
WELL, HE'S IN FOR A SUR-
PRISE! LOOKS LIKE I
- GET MY MAN!

MY QUARRY
WAS ASLEEP.

HMMM--THAT'S FUNNY!
LE GAN CAN'T BE THAT
CARELESS! FIRST
HE BUILDS A FIRE,
HE GOES
TO SLEEP! MIGHT
BE A TRAP!



BUT IT WAS NO TRAP! I KNEW THAT AS SOON AS I SAW THE WOLF TRACKS...



DEAD! HIS THROAT RIPPED OUT! BLOOD'S HARDLY FROZEN YET, THOUGH, SO THEY MAY STILL BE AROUND!



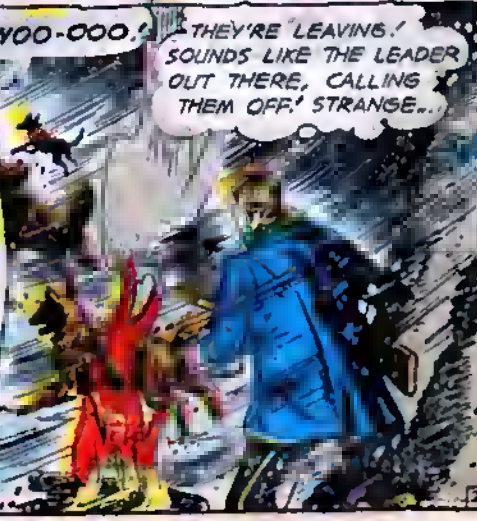
THERE WAS NO TIME TO PUZZLE OUT HOW LE GAN AN OLD TIME WOODSMAN, HAD ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE KILLED! I HAD MY OWN TROUBLES...



AS DUSK FELL I BUILT A FIRE IN A CLEARING AND GOT READY TO FACE THE NIGHT--AND THE WOLVES...



AT THE LAST MOMENT A MIRACLE HAPPENED! FOR SOME REASON THEY TURNED AND RAN...



SOONLY I SAW EYES GLEAM AGAIN IN DARK...



COMING BACK! BUT ONLY ONE OF THEM THIS TIME!

THERE WAS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, BUT STRANGE LOOKING! I FOLLOWED HER WITHOUT MOTEST...

ANY I DIDN'T ASK ANYONE LIVED IN THESE WOODS. I KNOW COUNTRY BETTER WELL!

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! HURRY, NOW, BEFORE THE WOLVES COME BACK!



WE DO NOT SPEAK AGAIN UNTIL WE REACHED THE CABIN. THEN...

WAS IT JOAN? I WASN'T HERE ONE SINCE MY...

HMMM-- DON'T SEE HOW I MISSED HEARING ABOUT YOU! BUT IT SEEMS I DID! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!



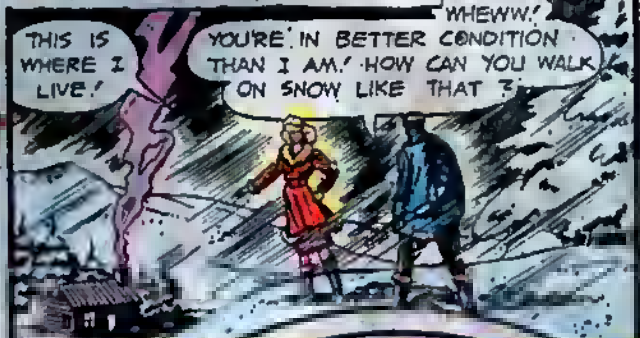
IT WAS A GIRL!

H-HELLO. WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

I HEARD THE WOLVES AND THOUGHT SOMEONE MIGHT BE IN TROUBLE! COME, MY CABIN IS NEAR HERE!



EVEN WITHOUT SNOWSHOES SHE SEEMED TO GLIDE ACROSS THE SNOW! I HAD TROUBLE KEEPING PACE, BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...



THIS IS WHERE I LIVE!

WHEWW! YOU'RE IN BETTER CONDITION THAN I AM! HOW CAN YOU WALK ON SNOW LIKE THAT?

I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! FOR ONE THING, SHE WAS LYING ABOUT HAVING LIVED THERE FOR A LONG TIME! AND SHE DID NOT EAT, BUT KEPT LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW...

NOT EXPECTING OUR FURRY FRIENDS, ARE YOU? AND YOU AREN'T EATING ANYTHING!

I'M NOT HUNGRY! AND THE WOLVES MAY COME BACK!



I KNOW NOW THAT SHE PUT SOMETHING IN THE COFFEE! BUT AT THE TIME I THOUGHT I WAS JUST TERRIBLY SLEEPY...

AMMM--S-SO SLEEPY! CAN'T KEEP MY HEAD UP!

GO TO SLEEP THEN...



AND HOWL LIKE A WOLF? I KNEW THEN, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE...

OWOOOO--
OOOWOO!



I'VE FELL INTO SLEEP I REMEMBER SEEING HER RAISE THE WINDOW...

N-NO! DON'T RAISE...WINDOW--
YAWN--OR WOLVES WILL...
COME...YAWN--



WHEN I AWAKENED I WAS ALONE AND THE CABIN WAS COLD...

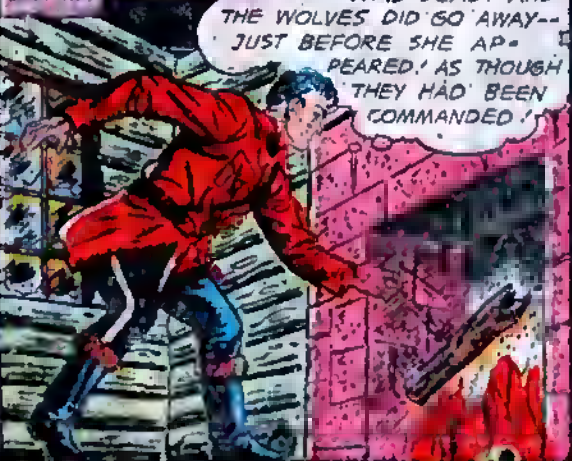
THAT GIRL!

SHE DID HOWL LIKE A WOLF! I REMEMBER! BUT W-WHERE IS SHE?



AS I BUILT UP THE FIRE MY HORRIBLE SUSPICIONS CAME BACK...

I'VE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED THEM! STILL--LE GAN WAS DEAD! AND THE WOLVES DID GO AWAY--JUST BEFORE SHE APPEARED! AS THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN COMMANDED!



SUDDENLY I HEARD WOLVES HOWLING AND RAN TO THE WINDOW! THE GIRL WAS LEADING THEM...

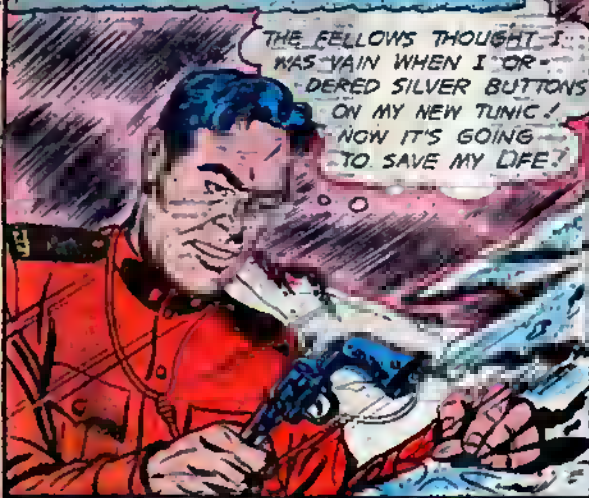
GREAT GODFREY!

SHE'S RUNNING WITH THEM! SHE IS A WEREWOLF! POOR LE GAN--SHE MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!





I HAMMERED THE BUTTON INTO A CRUDE BULLET WITH THE BUTT OF MY GUN...



THE FELLOWS THOUGHT I WAS VAIN WHEN I ORDERED SILVER BUTTONS ON MY NEW TUNIC! NOW IT'S GOING TO SAVE MY LIFE!

I RAMMED THE MAKESHIFT BULLET INTO MY RIFLE ON TOP OF THE REGULAR CARTRIDGE, PRAYING THE BARREL WOULDN'T BURST WHEN I FIRED...



COME ON, YOU DEVILS! I'M READY FOR YOU NOW! IF I MUST DIE, I'LL TAKE A LOT OF YOU WITH ME!

AS SHE LEAPED I FIRED POINT-BLANK...



A SILVER BULLET FOR YOU-- WEREWOLF!

SHE GAVE A SCREAM OF ANGUISH! BEFORE SHE HIT THE GROUND SHE HAD CHANGED INTO A HUGE, GRAY FEMALE WOLF...



THE SILVER BULLET DID IT! DEAD! AND THE WOLVES ARE LEAVING! I'M SAFE!

BUT I RECKONED WITHOUT THE STORM! AS THOUGH AVENGING THE WEREWOLF'S DEATH IT ROSE SUDDENLY AND HOWLED AROUND ME! I WAS SOON LOST...



N-NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO THE CABIN NOW! LOST! I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IN A FEW MINUTES!



so this is the end!
I've managed to live
until I could put it
all down here in the
snow and the cold!
I'm getting warm now
dying. If anyone
finds this please
turn it over to the
police. Goodbye.



IMAGINE! 41 Circus Toys and a "BIG TOP" 3 Feet around... ALL For Only \$1.29

Yes, a gigantic collection of Circus Toys designed to provide hours of good, wholesome fun for the entire family.

Hurry. Send for your Big 3 Ring Circus Today and will include **FREE** a 48-page book of games and stunts.

There's animals and circus performers of strong, durable **PLASTIC**, a Big Top 3 feet around, Super Side Show, Animal Cages, even a spinning Merry-Go-Round that **REALLY** turns!

There's also tumbling clowns, skating bears, bike-riding monkeys, dancing elephants, balancing seals, etc. Yes, a complete set of 41 toys, including clowns, acrobats and circus performers of strong durable plastic, for only \$1.29 complete!

JOLOLA SALES, LIMITED, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y;
IN CANADA, 2382 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

**FREE
 IF
 YOU
 ACT
 NOW**



2 complete sets of "Big Top" and Circus Toys for \$2.50 plus 2 **FREE** copies of 1000 Games and Stunts for every social occasion.

69 Parties, 389 Games and Contests, 66 Picnic suggestions, 160 Everyday Amusements, 286 Stunts. Rush your order today.

☐ Send me C.O.D. one set of Circus Toys and "Big Top," and free Book of Games, all for \$1.29.
☐ Send 2 complete sets and 2 Books of Games for \$2.50. I'll pay Postman on delivery plus postage.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____

☐ If you remit in full with this coupon, we will pay all Delivery Charges. I enclose \$ _____

OVER 100 DAZZLING GLOW-IN- THE DARK

CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS

\$1
postpaid

100% Safe
No Wires, No
Electricity

Hurry! Hurry!

Dazzling Christmas Tree Decorations
that sparkle by day and GLOW-IN-THE-DARK at night.
Entirely NEW . . . DIFFERENT.

Santas Angels Bells Icicles
Wreaths Reindeers Many Others

Warning! This is regular \$2.98 value. To prevent wholesalers
buying in big lots, we limit the offering — 3 packages only
to a person. HURRY. HURRY.

Each piece has invisible hook to hang on the tree. Big life-like
icicles. Prancing Reindeers, glistening frosty Snowman and
other novel eye-popping surprises.

Plastic Glow, Box 118, Dept. 5, New York 46, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY... Just Mail Coupon

Plastic Glow
Box 118, Dept. 5
New York 46, N. Y.

- ☐ Prepaid Order
I enclose \$1.00 Send me the BIG surprise package of
Dazzling Christmas Tree ornaments, fully prepaid, with no
extra charges to pay
- ☐ COD Order
I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage and COD charges

MONEY REFUNDED in 5 days if not COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Some
4 1/2"
high.

Very
Fast

Made of
Lifetime
Plastic

IT'S EVEN PRETTIER AT NITE